Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtandes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.